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GRACE.

HEN Sol ascends his brilliant throne on high,
And earth in all her borrowed colors dight
Emerges from the gloomy thrall of night;
Their Maker then to sing and glorify,
The feathered tribes their captive pinions ply.
The house plant forward leans to catch His sight,
And all creation flooded with delight
Rears up its head exulting to the sky.

So when the soul of man is purged from sin

Basks in the beams of God's effulgent grace.

True faith, hope, love, and joy expand within

And pensiveness is lost in glory's trace;

Enraptured by the sweet celestial rays

The souls pours out its bliss in sacred lays.

EDWARD J. MUNGOVAN, '97.



HIAWATHA.

The history of a nation and its literature are very closely connected. cordingly, literature is national. character of a nation displayed through its acts we commonly call its history; and when manifested by its dramas, songs, etc., written down in books, it makes its literature. Thus literature and history go hand in hand. The former may be styled the life of a nation; the latter its phenomena. As the youthful mind is prone to find more interest in the deeds than in the thoughts of men, so nations, in the expression of their thoughts first assume the actual, real or historic form. Hence the first records of a nation are transmitted in the epic style, they are songs and praises of historic deeds. The expression of reality, however, is soon metamorphosed into ideality, and the effects are often highly picturesque and appeal strongly to the imagination. From time immemorial all human beings of whatever clime or tengue, the rude and uncultured tribes, as well as the most civilized nations, have records of their struggles and victories. effort to preserve the memory of high, noble, and heroic deeds is universal. All nations long for some information about past times in their history, and are delighted with narratives which present pictures to the eye of the mind. This is effected through the airy medium of epic and ballad poetry, the chronicle and metrical romance.

Musaeus and Orpheus must have been precursory cosmopolitans, for their promptings are universally felt. Every nation has its lays and ballads, its gypsy-children of song. England and France have their trouveres and troubadours, Germany, its minnesingers; Italy, the street gamin trolling ditties and roundelays commemorating some event in their history's halvcon period of life. Hence, we suppose that there is scarcely a nation that has not in some golden moment of its shining period jotted into the album of its history's pages some heartfelt offerings to the Muse; which in long after years will be found to own some sentiment allied with former days and to be possessed of some merit interwoven and tinged with the dawn of thought, fresh from the recesses of hearts, which then know not the world's corrosive blight.

For a long time America was without poet or poetical prestige. Consequently, our trans-atlantic cousins claimed superiority in that line. It is strange, indeed, and greatly to be wondered at that our land should have been barren so long in this respect. How shall we account for it? We are wont to look at the morning of life of our nation's history as sad and gloomy. But it was not as we picture it. The aurora was beautiful, but the garish noon-day sun was oppressive. Our forefathers had to defy all natural barriers and to prepare the soil, in which to sow the seed so that it might become indigenous and blossom into ideality of poetry. The harvest yielded themes so plentiful that minstrelsy is challenged on every side. The charms of nature, in the association of primeval virgin forests, of scenery wild, majestic, and beautiful, of lakes and historic rivers overflowing with legendary interest, are everywhere displayed through a region extending from lati-

tudes of unbroken winter to perennial spring and tropical suns. History teems with numberless events-thrilling, vivifying, and enchanting, which are linked to poetic inspiration and belong more properly to verse than to prose. Romance and ideality, both dallying open their storied arms invite a foray on their luxurious possessions. The landing of Columbus and his subsequent voyages, the impressive themes which chronicle the early labors and achievements of our missionaries, the Jesuits and the Pilgrims, the wondrous tales of the Mexican and Peruvian Conquests, and soul-stirring incidents of Cortez, Pizarro, and Incas, the beautiful and touching story of Pochahontas, the wild legends of King Philip's heroism, and the Indian history wandering through the checkered fortunes of a thousand different tribes, abound richly in the lore of tradition: Many other episodes might be adduced which afford tangible material, from which to weave a poet's chaplet. Poetry shines on every page of the old chronicles, those quaint books of Bemal Diaz, Capt. John Smith, and Cotton Mather. No pedantry, no tasteless detail can distort or smother the enliving feature of song, which gather shape and symmetry as we turn each succeeding leaf. Thus, we see there was ample inducement to poesy, but something lacked. The stimulus was there, but men first had to contend with grim realities. The spirit of poesy red within many a bosom, but they were like the humble plow-boy who feels the inspiration though he may never attune the sentiment and bring it into being; and as he roams the flowery field and inhales the freshening breath of balmy spring, words of song float dreamingly through his untutored

senses, infusing into his soul the beautiful incense of bright hopes to clear the dull monotony of more real scenes. As far as prose is concerned, master artists have been engaged in the work. Prescott, Irving, and Cooper have gone over the fields and illumined the path for poetical inspiration. Their works have clothed history and apparently thrown attempts at minstrelsy in the background, so that it may well envy the sons of song, whose province it more properly is to gather the romance of earlier times. He who possesses' the genius to versify and embellish the scanty but treasured memorials of early day scenes and events will not only be highly esteemed by his own generatiou but also by a grateful posterity. this fame one in our country has prepared a successful suit.

What Goethe and Schiller have done for Germany, Camoens for Portugal, Moore for Ireland, and Walter Scott for Caledonia, Longfellow has done for our country. He rescued the harpsichord, as it were, from the literary charnelground and ventured to attune its discordant strings by touching to music the memories of our race. Throughout the land, he is the poet of the home and heart, the sweet singer to whom the fireside and family give ever sacred and beautiful meanings. The primary school urchin, as well as the collegiate student, con some of his verses. The themes of his folksongs and legends like those of all great singers are Catho-He has been denominated the most Catholic of non-Catholic poets.

The vividness of his impression of European life and the reflection of the antique poetic folksongs that he heard among the people of France, Germany, Spain, and Italy, made him feel the want of American poetry, and he could

no longer repress the well of his bubbling genius. The feeling that pervaded him, imbibing daily the glowing imagery of classie writers and feasting his mind on the choice dainties culled from the rich garner of ancient and treasured lore, gave vent to his inspiration by elothing events of the opening life of our history with the genial garb of poesy, mingling with the real scenes the lifely impression of an excited fancy. In that department of art—of so combining words and images that they make music to the soul as well as the ear, and convey not only the feeling and thought, but also the very tone and condition of the soul, in which they have their being, Longfellow gave us an exquisite example in "Hiawatha." He colored his style with the skill of a painter, and in compelling words to picture thoughts he not only has the warm flush and bright tints of language at his command, but he arrests its evanescent hues.

"Hiawatha" forms one of our national legends and as its title indicates, is an eddaie Indian poem whose scene is laid on the shore of Lake Superior in the region between the Pictured Rocks and the Grand Sable. By historical and geographical inquiry we find that this locality must be a place of rare The view from the summit loveliness. of the bluffs must have been a very attractive place in early times, the vast sand dunes, the bays and the eoves whose sheer descent over irregular, grotesque, and salient rocks forms pieturesque waterfalls and miniature cataraets. Where now steamers are at anchor and sailing crafts, from the lively open boats with main gib and dandy, to ship-shape schooner yachts dashing along merrily, boarded by sailors elad in their nautical attire, imagine, gentle reader, only the wheezing birch canoes of the swarthy Indians scurrying hither and thither leaving on the waves a zigzag line of white foam. Transmute, if you will, the seene in restless activity by the din of toil and traffic to the unbroken forest and a beach vocal with the murmuring flow of tinkling waters, and let the mellow sunshine steal through the leafy boughs upon the dappled shapes of the brawny red-men till your fancy conjures up the sylphs of old, then you have the venue of the story of "Hiawatha," in which Longfellow gave to the Indian the place in poetry that has been given him by Cooper in prose.

"Hiawatha" is a poem of the forest and of the dark-skinned race who dwelled therein, a race whose wild poetie fancies still linger on our noble lakes an l majestic rivers, for ever and anon we see the ostent of their vernacular in the nomenclature of our country's geographical history. Longfellow's first idea of the poem was suggested, it is said, by his hearing a Harvard student recite some Indian tales. Searching among the various books that treated on the American Indians, he found many legends and incidents that preserved fairly well the traditional history of the Indian race, and grouping these around one central figure, Hiawatha, the cynosure of attention throughout, and filling the gaps with poetic descriptions of mountains, forests, lakes, rivers, and plains, which make up the abode of these picturesque people, he thus built up the entire poem. It is written in blank verse, the form best adapted for epics. The metre used is trochaic tetrameter, that in which the "Kalewala Theau," the national epic of the Finn, is written, and the Finnish hero, "Wainaumoinen" in his gifts of song and brave adventures is not unlike the

great Hiawatha.

Into this eddic Indian legend. Longfellow has embodied all the poety for the dusky children of the primeval forest, who were learned only in Sylvanlore, and lived as near to nature's heart as the fauns and satyrs of old. Hiawatha is a creature that could have been born only from a mind as pure and and poetic as that of Longfellow; he is indeed a hero, a noble creation that compares favorably well with King Arthur of the old British romances. All the scenes and images of the poem are so true to nature that they seem like very breaths from the forest. Many and regaling are the hours that we spend with Hiawatha, as we move with him through the dewy birchen aisles, and learn with him the language of the nimble squirrel and of the wise beaver and mighty bear, and watch him build his famous canoe, and spend hours with him trawling and fishing in the waters of the great inland sea, bordered by the huge picturesque rocks painted

by nature itself. From first to last Hiawatha moves among the people a hero, a real leader, showing them how to clear their forests, to plant grain, to make for themselves clothing of embroidered and painted skins, to improve their fishing grounds, and to live at peace with their neighbors. From the time when he was a little child, and his grand-mother told him all the fairy-tales of nature, up to the day when, like Arthur, he passed mysteriously through the gates of sunset, all his hope and joy and work were for his motley people whom he left with guests best related in the historian's words: "Before the fire of the trapper's gun struck down his woodland game, before the edge of the exile's ax had caught a ray of western sunshine, a mild and steady light is perceptible in the primitive forest; and by its friendly aid we discover the Indian kneeling before the pine-tree cross, while the Black-robe pours on his humble head the waters of regeneration."

IGNATIUS F. ZIRCHER, '97.



THE AGE OF CÆSAR AUGUSTUS.

"But sure the Muses in those better days Were blest when great Augustus ruled the Earth

And when Maecenas with his liberal hands Fostered the flowers of genius."

It is a fact ever to be wondered at that upon Rome, that great nation of antiquity, that proud ruler of the world, the splendor of a golden age did not dawn sooner than seven hundred years after its foundation. Considering other people in different ages under similar conditions, we should think Rome, being in many respects superior to all other nations, should have had her

golden era about two hundred years before the Augustan age.

Strange as this is, we can, nevertheless, account for the the tardiness of the Muses to some extent. Roman history is but one continual war; from the fratricide of Romulus to the bloody battle of Actium, Roman blood was incessantly flowing; it was one grand battle. It is well known that under such conditions the fine arts cannot flourish, and therefore Roman arts, sciences, and literature could not reach their culminating point of perfection

before the time of Augustus, when a universal peace spread its benign influence over the whole world.

The Romans, moreover, had not such an exquisite taste for the arts and literature as the Greeks. They were warriors; theirs was the lot to conquer and rule the nations, a power which they always exercised with the greatest ability and political sagacity. When the time had come that the Roman eagle was born triumphantly throughout the then known world, those active minds longed for something else far more elevating than continual war and strifes.

It would, however, be almost absurd if we should limit the Augustan age to the reign of Augustus. The time of the great Cicero certainly belongs to this age. Then only can we say of the Augustan age that eloquence, poetry, and art embraced one another in the most congenial friendship and soared to those serene heights which they never have reached in subsequent ages. The Latin tongue would never have reached that high elegance and dignity had it not been for Cicero, the Demosthenes of Rome. It was Cicero who most happily blended some of the richness of the Greek language with the commanding dignity of the Roman character. By a peculiar ability and without incurring the appearance of servile imitation, he made the rare and deep treasures of Greek literature almost his own and gave to the Latin tongue a fixed character, in which vigor, elegance, and polish combine with great felicity. Had Cicero not done all this, the genius of a Virgil would have been greatly hampered by the poverty of the Latin language before the Ciceronian time.

Apart from the oriental exuberance that accompanied some of his grand

forensic outbursts, his orations are models of style and true eloquence. Most of the rules of Rhetoric, laid down by Cicero, are today yet looked upon as correct, and therefore Cicero's influence over the world extends even to the enlightened nineteenth century. It was he that tilled the soil, for the muses lay as yet dormant awaiting the kind call of Virgil, Horace, Ovid and others. History, on the other hand, was greatly advanced. Here again the fact is brought out, that oratory and history most generally reach an eminent degree of perfection in the forensic practices of a state governed by republican principles. For in almost all orations history was consulted and studied, by which the Romans, being active and highly practical, greatly profited. Had it not been for the Roman historian, we should know very little of the entire Celtic race, our ancestors in England and Europe.

We must now come to the period proper of the Augustan age. The very name of this golden era indicates that Augustus must have been a great promoter of the fine arts. This he was in the true sense of the word. And happily he possessed some genuine friends that were learned and wise politicians. There was Maecenas who was consulted by the great Caesar in every difficulty that arose in the vast empire. To this wise mentor Augustus proved to be a true Telemach. Through the influence of Maecenas, Virgil became the favorite of Augustus. The sweet singer of Dido's sufferings and the adventure of the Phrygian leader, was one of the greatest friends and almost a constant companion of Augustus. Then Virgil out of gratitude to the august Caesar sang the immortal Æneid. Though the grand work is written in imitation of Homer, nevertheless, the Roman ele-

ment predominates in it. We do not find in Homer that variegated landscape painting which delights us in the Æneid. In this Virgil has found many imitators; undoubtedly, he has exerted a great influence over Europe, in particular during the Middle Ages. Virgil was considered almost alone worthy to stand beside Homer and to fill the souls of men with the heroic character of his poems. He was revered by the Romans almost as a god, and the Æneid was to them what the Bible was to the Jew. Later on Petrarch and Boceacio, those great beacon-lights of the Middle Ages, were sighing for the gift of genuine poetry at the tomb of this great bard, from which the Muses were loath to withdraw. In the literature of every nation the influence of Virgil is easily perceived. The story of Troy in the Æneid busied the pens of the greatest writers, such as Chaucer and Shakspere, and, at the time when the Latin tongue was becoming the written language of the Christian world, it formed the subject of an international legend.

The next poet in rank is unquestionably Horace, who, too, wielded a powerful influence over Roman society at his time, and afterwards found many followers in the different languages. His versatility as a poet, the pleasant flow of humor in his works, the elegance of his verses and the admirable perspicuity, with which he expressed his feelings, have compelled posterity to study him and then to admire him. In his satires he mildly ridicules prevalent vices, not out of malice but for correction. It may be said that Horace occupied in Roman literature that place which the novelist holds in modern literature. It is hardly necessary to mention the influence of Horace over Boileau and Pope,

Tibullus, another great poet, has enriched Latin literature with a great number of elegies, which are of such exquisite beauty that they brought him the title "Master of the Roman Elegy." Nature and art are one and the same with him, and he elevated the former by his true art, which constitutes the chief merit of this poet.

While speaking of Roman bards, we eannot omit the illustrious name of Ovid. Though highly immoral, the Muses nevertheless clung to him and lavished their rare gifts upon him. By his filthy writings he incurred the displeasure even of the Heathen Augustus, and consequently was doomed to exile, in which he died.

These and others of minor importance make up the bright constellation of poets that illuminated the court of Augustus.

Naturally, if the literature of a nation finds at a time such worthy exponents, we may judge from this that wealth and general refinement prevail and that the arts and sciences are at their full tide. This was surely the case with Rome at the period under consideration; for Rome was then the world's great chamber of knowledge, the centre of civilization, Rome was the world. All this can be seen from the many great libraries built at this time, that became the outlets of profuse knowledge for the Middle Ages. It was indeed of great benefit to the world that Rome was so much influenced by Greece; for the Romans, studying deeply everything that eminated from Hellas, transmitted all the classical treasures of Greece as well as those of their own country. The great libraries of Rome afforded copious material for the scientists of all ages; but the study of the geography of the anceint world in particular was greatly

improved and could be carried much further after the Roman eagle had penetrated the dense forests and soared over the wild regions and mountains of almost every country.

Roman art, though greatly influenced by Grecian art, has nevertheless a distinct character of its own like the Roman literature; viz., commanding dignity and energy, the salient characteristic of the ancient Romans.

Vitruvius was the great architect of his time. To the very ruins of the grand structures erected during this period, genius yet clings with the utmost tenacity. Artists of all times and climes loved and still love to go to Rome there to gaze upon the ruins that were once stately buildings, in the shadow of which the great bards, philosophers, and

statesmen of Rome walked with that Roman dignity and commanding demeanor which accomplished almost everything they undertook. They fain would draw inspiration from even these ruins and then vainly try to body forth the grand ideas in works of their own.

Thus has this age been marked by an extraordinary development of the human mind in all its phases. But it has been made still more remarkable, for in this age sprung forth the Root of Jesse on the plains of Bethlehem, whence it was afterward transplanted into Rome, the bulwark of heathendom, where it was destined to grow up to a large tree and with its ever green and profuse foliage, and to give shelter and umbrage even to the proud Roman eagle.

GERARD G. HARTJENS, '97.



THE AGE OF LEO X.

"But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance and trims her withered bays,
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruin spread,
Shakes off the dust and rears its rev'rend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks begin to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung."

Let those that would have the Ages of Faith marked down as an era of illiteracy and barbarism put aside their prejudices; let them search the pages of history with impartiality, and they will come to the same conclusion as Bishop Spalding when he says, that we possess nothing at the present time, either in literature or art, for which we are not indebted to the Middle Ages. They begot a Dante and a Petrarch who laid the foundation to an epoch of art and literature which under the patronage of Leo X. attained a perfection that rival-

ed the days of Hellas's golden period. It was during Leo's glorious reign that Italy saw again the days of Augustus Cæsar, and the geniuses of a Periclean era seemed to have established their abodes on Tarquin's shores.

Thinking of the rich inheritance of art and culture, to which modern times have fallen heirs, our feelings are changed into admiration when we reflect that the lovely regions of Italy shortly before their glorious epoch had been the scene of unparalleled misery. For nearly five hundred years, countless hordes

of Goths, Vandals, and other tribes of Northern Europe swept over the beautiful native land of Virgil and Horace like an impetuous torrent marking its course with desolation and destruction. What grand monuments of architecture, what exquisite models of sculpture and painting, what invaluable treasures of literature, were not reduced to dust amidst the blazing cities! The crimson canopy of the nocturnal sky called to memory the times of Hannibal's invasion. The Muses fled in fright and consternation from the fields of strife and bloodshed and, amidst the rugged mountain regions far from the political turmoils, found a friendly asylum within the peaceful convents of the laborious monks that spent their days in the toilsome occupation of preserving for the benefit of an ungrateful postcrity the literary treasures of ancient classics from entire destruction.

At last the raging tempests which defloured classic Italy like the icy north sweeping over a vernal landscape, began to subside. Northern Europe, from which issued these mighty armies with the impetuosity of a tremendous avalanche, rushing from the heights of a mountain upon some peaceful village, seemed to be exhausted of its barbarous The different tribes began to exchange their bloody wanderings for the peaceful life of husbandmen and The Muses left their solitary artisans. asylums, and soon Italy beheld the dawn of an era whose influence over subsequent generations produced gigantic results.

It is a singular fact that the golden age of Leo X. of Italy and that of Pericles of Athens have a striking similarity. Both eras cannot be confined within the limits of a few years, but comprise a period of several centuries of duration.

The golden age of Greece had a Homer and a Pindar as forerunners; the glorious epoch of Leo X. was the outcome of Dante's and Petrarch's noble exertions. There is a great resemblance between Homer's and Dante's august characters. Homer's productions claim superiority over all ancient geniuses; Dante's sublime compositions are the grandest monuments of modern accomplishments. Homer, destitute of any models whatever, produced out of incoherent tales of the Grecian people a work which he probably little suspected would be a beacon-light to civilized humanity even after the storms of twenty-five centuries should have scattered his ashes about the fields of famous Hellas. Indeed, little did he dream that the strains of an Iliad or an Odyssey would bring upon Greece an unparalleled epoch of art and literature; that after centuries they would awaken in remote Hesperia the poetical soul of a Virgil, the pride of the Roman people. Dante, having no prototype in any language to be guided by, called forth, as it were, from the abyss of nothingness his "Comoedia Divina" which made Italy the source of European literature, and by leading an immortal Milton to the dizzy heights of his lofty themes, procured for England eternal laurels of literary achievements.

While yet the last majestic sounds of Dante lingered over reviving Italy, the sweet harmonies of Petrarch, as of yore the strains of Ovid, began to captivate the nations of Europe, and to increase the hopes awakened by the sublime melodies of Dante. Not only did they resound through the old Lavinian regions, but were wafted on and on until they reached the white shores of distant Albion where they re-echoed in Chaucer's poetical effusions. Petrarch,

is a principal factor not only in Italian but also in English literature. He directed the corrupted taste of his age into the proper channels and found a faithful imitator in Chaucer, the father of English literature. Boccacio is another brilliant writer whose influence is not to be undervalued; his works formed the chief source of Chaucer's celebrated "Canterbury Tales."

After Boccacio, Italian literature began to decline, owing to the fact that too great an attention was given to the study of ancient classics. This state of affairs lasted until the close of the fifteenth century, when a Leo X. patronized the darlings of the muses, when Vida, Tasso, Aristo, and numerous other poets delighted all civilized nations with the captivating strains of their commingled melodies. Europe began to awaken from its torpor like a solitary traveler who, having spent the night beneath the forest's verdant vault. is aroused at early dawn by the larks' exulting airs. Soon after we behold the glorious Augustan age of English literature, of which we may assert that it had been nursed by the Italian Muses, as even Hallam testifies when he writes: 'It may be said with some truth, that Italy supplied the fire, from which other nations in this first as afterwards in the second era of letters, lighted their own torches." Yes, Italy by its achievements as well as by its natural beauties has become a refreshing fountain that quenches the literary thirst of alien nations with its limpid waters. Writes Mrs. Browning,

"Your beauty and your glory helped to fill

The cup of Milton's soul so to the brink, He nevermore was thirsty when God's will

Had shattered to his sense the last chain link,

By which he had drawn from nature's visible

The fresh well water. Satisfied by this
He sang of Adam's paradise and smiled
Remembering Valombrosa. Therefore is
The place divine to English man and
child.

And pilgrims leave their souls here in a kiss."

The fame and lustre of the age of Leo X. does not depend alone on its eminent poets and eminent historians; in regard to the fine arts that age has produced geniuses, each of whom challenges admiration and respect from every lover of the beautiful. The great accomplishments of modern times in the art of painting and sculpture may eventually be traced back to the days of Michael Angelo, a Raphael, and numerous other famous artists. What mighty genius do we behold in Michael Angelo! As a painter he is unparalleled in grandeur of conception; as a sculptor we may place his creations, without hesitation, aside of Grecian models, and the comparison would prove that he possessed in the highest degree the aesthetic feelings and correct taste of the Grecians; as an architect we need not extol his praises. The mighty structure of St. Peter's greeting the traveler from afar, sufficiently proclaims the immortal fame of Michael Angelo. The impetus which painting received from Raphael, may be compared to the influence Petrarch exercised over literature. No artist has yet produced a creation of such genuine art as we behold on the canvass of Raphael. Modern artists may indeed surpass him in naturalness of coloring; but, sad to say, their productions are mostly calculated to please the masses of the people; they are pervaded by a sickly sentimentality and, like the poems of Tennyson, are as fine and as cold as marble.

Galileo is the last great light of this age. His influence on natural sciences, especially on astronomy, will secure him forever the respect of all nations.

The period of Leo X. acts indeed an important part in the history of nations. Behold the long array of mighty geniuses from a Dante down to a Galileo. Gigantic are their achievements

and untold the benefits that subsequent ages derived from them. Our enlightened century, superior, in many respects, to the times of Leo, will still have to bow its head in awe and reverence to the mother who raised her child to a state of superiority and triumph.

GERMAIN C. HEIMBURGER, '97.



The brightness of the "king of day" and the loveliness of the "queen of night" are often partially marred by the hazy condition of the atmosphere above our earth. At one time it is languid or frowning clouds, and, at another time, cougealed vapors that obstruct and blur their aspect. So, too, is the beauty of the human countenance disturbed by the shadows of passion arising from our heart and passing before our mental vision.

The Creator has planted graces within us which, by proper nurturing, we can bring to the surface and reflect in our countenance; even as the tender house-plant bends forward to the window pane to catch the warm embrace of sunshine. True beauty, therefore, comes from within and flashes through the plastic cover of the face, and its cheerful beams will impress us with the thought of the beautiful spirit that rests within. It is the expression of the soul that constitutes the superior beauty of the human countenance.

An artificial rose or lily may delight our imagination or please our sense of the beautiful, but their lifeless leaves and odorless cups will never ravish our hearts. The healthful color and the delicate outlines of the human counte-

nance may all be very beautiful to behold, but it is the expression of intelligence, of good nature, of generosity, or any other amiable virtue, that is prepossessing and captivating to our minds. The former qualities fade from our thoughts when the latter appear, as the light of reason is dimmed by the glow of supernatural faith. It is the manifestation of the soul through the countenance that conveys to our mind the true nature and character of the inward man, whether good or bad; for the expression of the soul looks out of the eye, sits in calm majesty on the brow, lurks on the lip, plays on the cheek, and is set forth in the many lines and features of the countenance. Hence it is that certain features, in themselves not particularly attractive, or wanting in certain regularity of outline or delicacy, are still invested with a peculiar charm and radiance of beauty from their peculiar expressiveness and animation.

Persons hankering after histrionic fame devote extreme care and much time to acquire the actor's art of characteristic expression. If it is their aim to impersonate a villain or a lover, they will, for the time being, as much as possible, discard their own personality and enter into the character of the per-

son they intend to present. In doing this, they are imitating nature. Man is, therefore, essentially dramatic, and the passions by which he is swayed at the time or by force of habit will be depicted in his visage whether he knows it or not.

From all this we may conclude that true beauty of the human countenance does not consist in the color and outlines; in the well brushed eye-brows, in the neatly oiled mustache and daintily groomed beard, in the artificial rose-leaf bloom and coral lips, but in the reflection of truth and goodness, that never changes with the features nor fades with years. It is the *splendor veri*, as Plato expresses it. This beauty that reflects not only outwardly but also inwardly and gives us the satisfaction of being both good and beautiful, must be ultimately known in order to be fully appreciated.

BERNARD S. MALOY.



A DEBATE.

RESOLVED, THAT IMMIGRATION SHOULD BE FURTHER RESTRICTED BY LAW.

(A defense of the negative by Mr. A. F. Weyman before the Columbian Literary Society on Washington's Birthday.)

Mr. Chairman:—

The number of arguments in favor of the negative of our question is so very great that I shall be compelled to-night to present my points as briefly as possible, in order to adduce at least the most weighty and important ones.

Native born Americans who are eminently practical in all things consider the immigration question from a purely economical standpoint; and for this reason I shall begin by pointing out the material advantages accruing to this country from immigration. This nation owes everything, absolutely everything immigration. Had immigration ceased immediately after the Colonial War, when our independence was recognized in Europe, this country would today present quite a different aspect. Our immense agriculture resources would be but little developed, nor would the wealth of our mines have enriched the nation. But few of our great railroads would have been built; and many of

the states now composing the Union would not have their existence, for civilzation would not have penetrated beyond the Mississippi. The United States would not be the great nation of today proudly bidding the world to admire her. The American Eagle rising above the Alleghanies and directing his lofty flight toward the Rocky Mountains in Colonial days would not have flapped his wings so proudly as today had he known that he is the symbol of the nation's greatness and power. The phenomenal development of our country commenced about the year 1840-1850, when Irish and German immigrants began to pour in; and this extraordinary development has continued till the present day.

Let us inquire who the people are that come to our shores. They are ablebodied persons, because the law of '91 excludes any person liable to become a public charge, as well as persons suffering from loathsome or contagious diseases. Many of them possess some capital. The cash money brought to this country by immigration amounted

in 1892 to \$900,000,000. The economical value of an immigrant arising from an addition to the industrial and intellectual resources of this country is even greater. The estimates here vary from \$800 to \$1,125. Taking the lowest estimate, this contribution made to our wealth up to Jan. 1, 1882 amounted to \$9,000,000,000. The sum total, therefore, brought to this country by immigration till the year '82 was \$9,900,000,000,000.

The statistics of immigration prove that the vast majority of immigrants come to this country at the most productive age. Only twenty-five percent are under fifteen years of age, and less than fifteen percent are over forty; more than sixty percent, therefore, are in the prime of life when they commence work in the land where every man has an equal chance to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The number of men is largely in excess of that of women. Of the men, forty-five percent are trained to the various pursuits, nearly half of them are skilled laborers and workmen. Among these again there are many specialists, chiefly among the mechanics and tradesmen, such as engineers, organ builders, etc. And in the fine arts, what would America be without European artists immigrating to this country and teaching us the sublime and the beautiful by means of the various arts? I am sure no one will assert that we are no longer in need of these teachers.

There is need of immigrants who will extract national and individual wealth out of the virgin soil in nearly every state of the Union. They are better tillers of the land than are native Americans. The immigrants developed and are now developing the immense wealth of the Middle and North-Western

States. Without them the places now covered by the large cities and towns in our Southern States would be occupied. by negro villages modeled after those in darkest Africa; while the Western States would be little more than cattleranches. These states would even now be converted again into cattle-ranges if hard-working and frugal bands of immigrants were not continually pouring in. Kansas, for instance, would of late years have been abandoned to wild horses. wolves, and jack-rabbits, on account of the repeated failure of the corps, if a sturdy race of immigrants had not made it their home. Our farmers after all constitute the wealth and vital portion of this nation. If we could only realize that our immense wealth is not in our mines, nor in our manufactures, but in our soil! Just think of it, this soil is so richly blessed by God that it may be made to yield food for 500,000,000 people; and yet we want to prohibit God's creatures from cultivating it, in order to extract the food which the unproductive and exhausted land of the native countries refuses to them!

To the objection that too many of the immigrants remain in the cities and work at starvation wages, I would reply that the buyers of manufactured articles are hereby benefited, because these articles can be produced at a lower cost. The wages given to the workmen, though not so low in this country as in Europe, are, it is true, very often inadequate to the work performed; but the frugality and thrift of the immigrants enables them to support themselves and their families at a less cost than native laborers, who again receive higher wages, beemployed as foremen, salesmen agents, etc. Americans needed only to make the plans for the development of the country, superintend the work, and

reap a large share of the results; while without immigration they would be compelled to seize the pick, shovel, and plow, and perform all the work themselves. The great scarcity of work which now exists would continue if no more immigrants were coming over. Hard times in this country have never been caused and are not now being caused by an uncommonly large influx of immigrants. On the contrary, whenever some political disquiet, failure of the crops, etc.. in Europe forced a large number of people to immigrate, their arrival in this country was every time followed by a tide of prosperity. Now, we know that the number of immigrants is falling since the year '91 when the country was yet prosperous. There are other reasons why capital can not or will not employ labor. But to explain them would be alike impossible and unnecessary for me; suffice it to repeat that experience has taught us that a large influx of immigrants ushers an era of prosperity, small influx, a period of national depression. The immigrants form "noncompeting groups," which do not lessen the chances of American workmen to any great extent. That there are always so many idle persons in the cities is partly due to the fact that there are many lazy, dissipated people. If they really wanted work, they could go west and cause the virgin soil to yield them food. We should bear in mind that the wealth which in future will come from the soil, was till now produced by our mines and manufactures—by the immigrants therefore. I may safely assert, too, that our mining and manufacturing industries have not yet reached their highest state of production.

The interests of American labor are protected because an American em-

ployer cannot contract with the people in Europe to engage in work for him, nor is he allowed to inform them by any means whatever that he would employ them on coming over. Steamship companies are not allowed to offer any inducements to persons desiring to emigrate; they dare not advertise their line except by stating the time of sailing and the arrangement of their vessels. Could the laws be made any more stringent? The fact that the contract-labor law is not rigorously inforced is no reason for making new immigration laws.

The assertion that immigrants offset what they produce by remittances home, I consider entirely gratuitous. Most of the immigrants do not send home anything unless they have more than sufficient wherewith to support themselves. One should think America could spare the few dollars that a dutiful son sends home annually along with a letter, to gladden the hearts of his aged parents.

Let us now consider the political aspect of the immigration question. Do immigrants become good citizens? This I may, without fear of contradiction, answer in the affirmative. Most of the immigrants are people who are believers in a God, who are members of some church, very many are Catholics; all at least have been taught to obey the laws of a country, and obedience is the first and best quality of a citizen. They also possess the three traits of a good citizen that are next in order; they are honest, industrious and frugal. Let no one say that immigrants do not appreciate the benefits of a free government, or that they do not at all understand its functions. It is true, the tendency to become lawyers is not so great with immigrants as with

native born Americans; but this is no sign of a bad citizen. The immigrants coming from different countries and climes have of course their customs and peculiarities; however, we must not forget that "difference is not a sign of inferiority." Moreover, these social or political defects, as we regard them, very soon disappear. The immigrants are not slow to detect the good in our institutions; if they refuse to accept the bad, we cannot blame them. Nowhere in the history of our country have immigrants combined to influence our national election. Differences of race and religion among them make such a combination impossible. Our municipal administration, I admit, has at times been influenced by them; but this influence was usually of less importance and not so pernicious as people of nativistic tendencies would make us believe. Immigrants assimilate with the native population in a short time, their children at least do so; their mother-tongue which they use along with the English is their only distinction, and for this no intelligent American will find fault with them. No one believes now any more that American institutions are in danger on account of immigration. They have till now not been weakened; on the contrary, they have till now been strengthened and will continue to be strengthened by immigration. Perhaps it would be well to call to mind that it was the immigrants who preserved our republican institutions in 1861. Who overthrew the rebellion and stamped out the monster of slavery whose poisonous breath would have killed the then yet tender plant of liberty? Who mainly composed the Union army? Why, it was the Irish, the German, the Scandinavian, and the

French immigrants. Had the South been shrewd enough to use its influence toward restricting immigration before the Civil War, the rebellion might have been successful.

The high percentage of vice and crime in this country is not alone due to immigration. The laws of '91 exclude any person convicted of felony or any crime of a moral baseness. What more could be done? I could not secure the criminal statistics of the United States, but I know from other sources that in proportion to the population there are almost as many natives Americans in our prisons as immigrants. We would do well to be silent on that score.

Another great objection to immigration is based on the illiteracy of the immigrants, which in reality is not so great as it is supposed to be. The rate of illiteracy in European countries, with the exception of Spain, Italy, Turkey, Russia, and possibly Ireland, is much lower than in this country. Now it is to be deplored that so many illiterates do enter this country; still, they constitute but a small fraction of the whole number of immigrants. Illiterates are not of necessity correspondingly low in morals; one may have a clear perception of right and wrong and a goodly share of common sense, and yet know not how to read and write. A tender conscience may often supply the want of education. In order to be a farmer or common laborer it is desirable to know how to read and write, but it involves no danger to the commonwealth if there are some who do not know it. Therefore, illiteracy should not be made a test of fitness for entering this country.

Exceptionally stringent immigration

(Concluded on page 153.)

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

During the Scholastic Year by the Students, OF ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE.

Collegeville, P. O. - - Ind

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Communications from past students kindly soliccited and gratefully accepted by The Collegian.

All remittances, literary contributions, and business letters should be thus addressed; St. Joseph's Collegian, Collegeville, P. O., Ind.

The object of this paper is not to diffuse knowledge or to convey information of general interest. The ordinary codege journal is not intended to be a literary magazine, but serves to reflect codege work and codege life. It is edited by the students, in the interest of the students, and of their parents and friends. Hence, the circle of subscribers for such papers is naturally very limited, and substantial encouragement is therefore respectfully solicited for the Collegian from students' parents and triends, who cannot but take a lively concern in the general advancement of those dear to them at codege.

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EDITORIAL.

"Man is a creature of habit rather than of instinct." A knowledge of the acquisition of a habit, of its nature, and of its influences upon the life of man is of prime importance to every one, especially to the student. Education may be defined as the formation of habits of mental activity. The doing of an act becomes perfect only by its repeated performance; and "every perfect action is a habit." It is automatic action, as it is seen in those who per-

form great feats of body or mind. Hence, it follows also that habit is an economizer of nerve-energy. The important role thus played is demonstrated by the skilled musician, as is also the want of it realized by the amateur of the art. The axiom "first impressions last longest" reinforces the well-founded theory that in early life habits are formed with greatest facility and permanence. This explains also the difficulty with which habits acquired during the plastic stage of life are overcome in manhood; since the tenacity of early bad habits obstructs the formation of good habits latter on.

Not the least important of the events on St. Patrick's day was the inauguration of the course of lectures under the auspices of the Columbian Literary Society, previously mentioned in the March Collegian. The intentions of the Rev. Faculty in securing this new triumph for the Society were briefly explained by the Rev. Rector in introducing the speaker of the evening, the Rev. M. Byrne of Whiting, Ind. It was desired, he said, to advance the standard of the Society and to enlarge its possibilities; to raise the minds of the students to a higher plane of thought and culture; to enlarge the scope of their powers of observation; and to place at their disposal much general and useful knowledge. Father Byrne's address proved to be the beginning of the speedy realization of these hopes. His theme, "The Faith of St. Patrick and the Irish People," was an exposition of the remarkable results of the saint's mission over the nation, not only in its religion but in everything pertaining to its history: and was moreover a splendid illustration of the benign influences of the

Church as a factor in the progress of human society. The frequent and hearty applause greeting Father Byrne's words makes commendation on our part unnecessary; and the only compliment we can pay him is to hope that the remaining lectures of the course may prove equally instructive and entertaining as his was.

To students of music at Catholic colleges it is indeed gratifying to meet with a sensible criticism of Wagner in a Catholic paper. Some papers are evidently of opinion that the Wagner cult is similar to the Trilby craze, equally foolish and dangerous; and that it may be successfully opposed by the common weapon of newspapers, scorn, and ridicule. Others have no opinion at all on matters musical The latter and theatrical. class is likewise deserving of censure. There is a growing perception among educators and the people in general that music is a most important educational factor, a means of culture incomparable for strengthening and quickening the intellect and refining the character, and as a result more attention is paid to the cultivation of music in our educational institutions. Catholic papers which in this country supply the want of a college education to many persons should foster it among Catholics in general by pointing out where healthful and artistic music may be enjoyed. The addition of a column devoted to dramatic criticism would enable several of our Catholic papers to supplant the obnoxious Daily in Catholic families. The "Church Progress" has further raised its standard of usefulness and excellence in publishing an able criticism on Wagner and his operas. We agree with the opinion expressed that

"it is a decided step forward from the scepticism and gloom of the Shakesperian drama to the strength, cheerfulness, and ideality and inspiration of Mediaeval story made visible and audible and tangible by the supreme effort of all the arts in one majestic synthesis." Wagner, who was a close student of Shakespeare, no doubt aimed at this himself. His operas are the highest effort man has made in any branch of art; but his success to combine all the arts in one splendid organ of expression is even more wonderful. We are advised by secular and spiritual instructors alike to turn to the Middle Ages for our inspirations and ideals. The Wagnerian operas picture and express them more faithfully, vividly, and effectively than the Shakesperian plays or any of the spoken dramas. misinterpretation of the underlying idea of the legend of the Holy Grail, the theme of his opera "Parsifal," which Wagner composed after the version of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the most devout of the mediaeval poets and, according to some, the greatest of all the German poets, does not mar its general conception. These operas convey much by their general impression. If people who are not musicians would take pains to study them in advance as diligently as they con the spoken drama before witnessing it, they would grasp at least the grandeur of the thought to be conveyed and have an idea, however faint, of the genius of the author. But as long as they attend for no other purpose the opera than to hear the prima donna hold out her highest note or to witness scenic effect, both on the stage and in the boxes, the profit derived from the productions of Wagner's genius is hardly worth the price of admission.

EXCHANGES.

Gradual improvement seems to be a relieving feature of the St. Mary's Sentinel. Among the many panegyrics on the "Modern Cincinnatus" that we read in the columns of the February number of various exchanges, the "Oration on Washington" claims the palm. The pages of the Sentinel could be considererably brightened and their merit enhanced by poetical contributions.

The Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian numbered among its contents of late some well penned productions worthy of mention. Notably an interesting article on "French Literature" and a deftly drawn parallel on Browning and Carlyle. We think that we do not go astray in our decision, when we venture to remark that the Mt. St. Joseph's Collegian is growing daft in its editorials. The aforesaid department marks a noted feature in any paper. It seems that the editor is not cognizant of the drift of editorials in college journalism, or if he is he betrays a nonchalance. on his part. The business of the writer of editorials is to discuss facts and views and give opinions about them, commending or condemning, explaining or defending, persuading or exhorting, assigning causes or suggesting remedies. The editor should command a knowledge as varied as the entire range of subjects included in the scope of his paper.

A DEBATE.

(Continued from page 150.)

laws are, in fact, opposed to fundamental American principles and contrary to the spirit of our Constitution. The further restriction of immigration would be a return to barbarism; it would tend to destroy the friendly relations existing between this government and European nations and thus be detrimental to our commerce. In 1868 Congress asserted the "inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance." Now mind, whenever the rights of some people, as of the immigrants in this case, are held in contempt, the rights of all are in danger.

Our immigration policy has till now been successful; it has covered this nation with honor and won for it the sympathy and respect of every people in the world; it has made us the noblest nation on earth; cosmopolitan in our views and enterprises, embracing some of the good qualities of every people; it has directed men of genius in every walk of life to our shores and enabled us to lead the world in its march of progress, showing it that democracy is the only true and successful form of government. The continuation of this is necessary to the development of our resources. Millions of acres are waiting for the plow; billions of dollars are buried in our mountains; hundreds of millions of people may find the necessaries and even the commodities of life in this grand and beautiful country of ours; and yet we should abandon this policy and adopt one of narrowmindedness and injustice? Should adopt a policy which would cut off the enormous stream of human energy, wealth, and intelligence, that is now pouring in upon us? Should adopt a policy so ill befitting the just, prudent, philanthropic, and large-hearted nation which till now we have shown ourselves to be? Every true and intelligent American citizen must say, no.

BOOK NOTICES.

"How to Make the Mission" is a small book prepared by a Dominican Father with the especial aim of lending the faithful the aid requisite for making a good mission, as its title indicates. Its practical examples of the faulty as well as the worthy reception of the Sacraments, and of the proper course of a Christian life make this pamphlet a a very desirable guide to the laity. Price, paper, 10 cents; Benziger Bros.

"Mostly Boys" is a collection of all the short stories written by Father Finn and possesses the characteristics of "Ethelred Preston" and other works by the same author, lately reviewed in the Collegian. "The Wager of Gerald O'Bourke" and "Our Western Waits" are two prettily told Christmas stories; and of the tales of boarding-school life that have made famous the "discoverer"

of the American boy," there are several. The book will be eagerly welcomed by our Catholic youth. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, 85 cents.

"Popular Instructions of Parents on the Bringing Up of Children" is a manual devoted to all the phases and stages of child training. Each chapter is a brief and pleasant sermon both instructive and edifying. All the duties and responsibilities of the parent are elucidated in a comprehensive manner. By an exposition of the principle "We can reap only what we have sown," the Rev. author brings home the force of good example of parents. It is unquestionably a book adapted to the times and deserving of finding its way into every family. Price, paper, 25 cents, cloth, 35 cents. Benziger Bros., 36 & 38 Barclay St., N. Y.



ST. JOSEPH'S DAY.

St. Joseph's Day, the patron feast of our college, was observed with greater solemnities than any feast on the long list of celebrations at St. Joseph's. At an early hour we were aroused from our slumbers by the Columbian Guards, firing a number of salutes, and immediately the entire College teemed with life and every apartment resounded with mirth. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Father Dickman, assisted by Fathers Grussi, Chrysostom, and Bonaventure, respectively as deacon, subdeacon, and master of ceremonies.

Father Kroll of Chesterton, Ind., de-

livered an impressive sermon in which he dwelt on the dignity and greatness of St. Joseph and the blessing of being placed under his guidance and protection. The chapel alters were gorgeously decorated; and the choir, under direction of Father Benedict, sung the Missa Jubilaei by Wiltberger with an effect never equaled before in the College chapel. During the imposing ceremonies, the officers of the Battalion in full uniform stood without the railing as guards of honor.

At ten o'clock the bugle summoned the students and visitors to the armory, where an excellent military program

was carried out. The walls and ceiling were almost hidden with draperies and festooning of rich bunting colors; while at measured intervals martial emblems and portraits of statesmen broke the pleasing monotony of colors. Never before did we witness such a variety of new features in the drills, or hear more pleasing music. A happy departure from the usual military exercises was the reading of the "Military Tattler" by the Major, and his jokes and puns, both poetical and prosaic, evoked volumes of applause. On this occasion the Bebner Columbian Guards appeared for the first time in their white duck trowsers. and with the white plumes and blue coats the uniforms exhibited a pleasing contrast. The boys acquitted themselves splendidly. Beyond doubt the capping of the climax must be attributed to the officers of the Battalion. Never before, since the sword drills have been introduced, did they display such a long list of intricate movements. and all without a command from the Captain. The Walz Cadets and Neiberg Riflers under Captains Engesser and Kuenle also did much to enhance the beauty of the program. We hardly dare close the description of the exercises without offering a word of praise to the Military Band. Their services always constitute a prominent part of every program, and their attainments as musicians is too well known to offer further commendation. At two o'clock P. M. solemn Vespers were chanted by Rev. Father Kroll assisted by Fathers Alphonsus, Chrysostom, and Bonaven-

The play, Wilhelm Tell, was presented in the College hall in the evening by the St. Boniface Literary Society. A number of German productions have hitherto been given, but this one was

the crowning point of them all. The scenes were the most realistic ever produced on our stage, and the roles seemed suitably assigned. The storm scene with its doleful murmurs, lightning flashes, rumbling thunders, and the little canoe upon the tossing waves were objects that depicted the greatest interest. But when after the storm the peaceful rainbow appeared in the calm evening sky, and later on fair Cynthia gradually rose from behind the Swiss Alps, the scenes were lovely and lingered long in the minds of the spectators. They were arranged under the able direction of Father Clement, who has acted as Moderator of the Society since its existence. Space will not permit the writer to give full praise to all the actors, and he must therefore limit himself to a few prominent characters only. Germain Heimburger as "Wilhelm Tell" was of course the central figure throughout the play, and he failed not to exhibit the skill and manly traits of the doughty Swiss. His lines were spoken with great effect; especially in the words against Gessler, "To kill the tyrant had I killed my son," he displayed great dramatic talent. Also in the fourth act when he sent Gessler reeling from the rocks pierced with an arrow, he appeared upon the verge of a cliff, and in scorn expressed his delight in freeing Switzerland from such a tyrant. Master Cletus Lentz played the part of Tell's son and shared largely the praises of his father. His youthful innocence and childish affections at once gained the sympathies of the audience. Mr. Kuhnmuench assumed two roles with great success. First that of a hunter and afterwards the character of "Gessler." His singing while descending the mountains was an imitation of the **Swiss** huntsman. As Gessler, his

vociferous voice contributed much in spreading terror among the Swiss peasants. Messrs. Brackmann's and Rapp's acting and attitudes at times would have done credit to a tragedian. Many others deserving of creditable mention must be omitted for want of

space. The plot was well developed and gave the audience a fair insight into the deep-seated love of country by which the Swiss people were actuated in gaining their liberty.

E. J. VOGEL, '97.



ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

St. Patrick's Day was appropriately and enthusiastically observed at the College, with all the display and energy of former years—the traditional "wearing of the green;" the usual High Mass celebrated by the Rev Rector, Father Augustine; a series of games and athletic contests; and a lecture on "The Faith of St Patrick and the Irish People" by the Rev. M. Byrne of Whiting, Ind.

The games, the principal feature of the day, commenced shortly after halfpast nine o'clock; and though they could hardly be dignified with the title Olympic, they were, it is hoped, the small beginning of a great end and were, thanks to the energy of the sports committee and the financial aid of several of the Fathers, a great success. No official records were kept as the gathering was simply an impromptu affair, arranged more for pleasure than for records. On account of the limited indoor space, the sports were confined to jumping, close hurdles, etc. In the forenoon a bowling tournament was held, in which twenty or more names were entered. After two hours of fast play the contestants were narrowed down to Stolz and D. Schneider. The latter had a comfortable lead, but went up in the air in the confusion of the closing moments, and allowed Stolz to win out with two timely ten strikes.

At one o'clock, the games proper began in the basement. The trial heats of the close hurdles left Laibe, Eberle, and Stolz to compete in the finals. Eberle's Titanian strides stood him well in his need, and he succeeded in closing the arguments with a half second to spare. Stolz's leap of five feet remained the maximum for the high jump. The hand vault was generally conceded to Stolz as a cinch of the leadpipe species, but Laibe and E. Schneider proved to be the most formidable entrees. After much haggling that arose from Laibe's style of vaulting, Schneider was finally declared a winner. Stolz won the potato race with Seroczynski a close second.

The Siamese twins would have turned green with envy had they seen the harmony that marked Masters Wessel and Panther's work in the three-legged race. Kiely and Diefenbach promised to give a good account of themselves, but "like two spent swimmers they did choke their art" and, it might be added, almost choked one another at the final collapse in the finishing dash. The minims took great interest in their games and afforded much amusement to the spectators. On the whole it was a very enjoyable affair and revealed the fact that this branch of athletics only

needs better accommodations to support itself.

Father Byrne's lecture of which mention is made in the editorial column, was the entertainment of the evening, and brought to a fitting close a day of constant enjoyment and entire success.

T. P. Travers, '99.



C. L. S.—The program of March 7th proved to be an enjoyable one by reason of the interesting debate; Resolved, that football should be legally prohibited. Though laboring against the sentiment of the vast majority of the house, the gentlemen on the affirmative, Messrs. D. Brackmann and E. Ley, succeeded in persuading two of the judges that theirs was the only correct view of the question. Mr. Meighan rendered "The Burning of Chicago" at this program with great success.

At a recent meeting of the Society it was decided to render "Julius Cæsar" towards the close of the scholastic year. The distribution of roles has already been made and all that now remains to make the play a success is steady and diligent rehearing on the part of those enrolled.

Military.—Owing to the vacancy recently occasioned in the line of sergeants, a competition drill was necessitated and held in the armory. Following are the names of the privates having made the five highest percentages: Geo. Aug, 98 per cent.; J. Dwenger, 98 per cent.; R. Murphy, 98 per cent.; J. Bæke, 97 11-12 per cent.; W. Arnold, 97½ per cent. The fact that the high-

est grade was captured by members of Co. B only fills the company with unusual confidence in their ability to win those coveted colors in the contest next May.

On St. Joseph's Day the Neiberg Riflers were formally recognized as a part of the Battalion. The Riflers were organized some weeks ago at the suggestion of the Major from privates taken from the ranks of Co. B. This step is certainly a move in the right direction and no doubt presages an era of good-natured rivalry between the Riflers and the once famous B. C. G. The Riflers are under the command of Aide-de-camp F. Kuenle and, judging by the excellency of their first appearance and the hearty good will evinced by the ten sturdy cadets and their commander, not a little may be expected from them.

Aloysian.—Though the Aloysians but seldom venture to appear before the foot-lights, they never do so till they have fully convinced themselves that, were success not to attend their efforts, theirs would not be the fault. The Aloysians need not fear, for they have "hitched their wagon to a star" and their recent appearance not only eclipsed their own former endeavors, but overshadowed many of their elder brethren, the Columbians. The entertainment on the evening of Feb. 28th consisted of a literary program and a drama "The Two Heroes."

The literary program contained select reading and recitations. Those who deserve more than passing praise are Masters E. Kiely, M. Peele, N. Keilmann, and J. Finski. Following this was the play. The scene of the plot is laid in Ireland during one of the persecutions of that country. The play was rendered doubly interesting by the

excellent impersonation of characters by all the youthful actors, Masters Schweitzer, Kalvelage, and Diefenbach acquitting themselves with special honors. The Aloysians succeeded admirably well in making the evening a pronounced success.



Rev. Eugene Grimm, C. PP. S., spent St. Patrick's and St. Joseph's days at Michigan City, Ind.

Rev. Paulinus Trost, C. PP. S., assisted at Delphi, Ind., on St. Patrick's day.

Rev. Benedict Bæbner, C. PP. S., conducted services at St. Mary's, Lafayette, Ind., Sunday, March 21.

Rev. Augustine Seifert, C. PP. S., went to Lafayette, Ind., March 22, to take charge of St. Mary's during the absence of Father Dinnen who was called to Chicago by the sudden demise of his Father.

Among the guests who honored us by their presence on the feast of our College patron were: Rev. J. Kroll, Chesterton; Rev. J. Berg, of Remington and Rev. W. Berg, Schererville; Rev. J. Guendling and Rev. B. Hammer, O. S. F., Lafayette; Rev. J. Kubaski, of Reynolds; Rev. H. Juraschek, Michigan City; Mr. Charles Reifers and Miss Elizabeth Panther, Lafayette, Ind.; Miss Annette Ruh of Covington, Kentucky.

It is with deep regret we learn that Mr. Alphonse Roth of the fourth Latin Class, who, as our readers are aware,

had injured his index-finger in a shooting accident during the Christmas vacation, has been unable to secure a dispensation. He is now staying at his home at Botkins, Ohio; but he writes that his heart is ever with the boys at Collegeville. Mr. Roth was one of our most popular students, and the news that he would not return excited universal grief among his former associates. Although he cannot attain the object, upon which his hopes were centered, we are confident that his merits will crown him with success in some other sphere of activity.

Other visitors during the past month were Miss L Crampton of Delphi, Miss Ætna Kennedy of the faculty of the Rensselaer Schools, and Miss Nellie Van Smith of Rensselaer, who, in company with Messrs. W. J. McCoy, Prof. of Latin in the Rensselaer Schools, Warren Washburn of Chicago, and Frank Maloy of Rensselaer, spent the afternoon of the 14th viewing the interior and surroundings of St. Joseph's. Departing, all expressed the great pleasure they had enjoyed during the few hours they remained with us.



Field-music, all present or accounted for.

Two things are known as associated facts—Joe Finski and his Battle Axe.

Beware of the man of one shoe. Frank has lost one of his or some cruel student has misplaced it.

"Mane nobiscum advesperascit." The evening twilight dawns upon us in the morning.

"Nonne decem mundi facti sunt?" Were not ten worlds made?

Barber to David: "What do you want?"—David: "Have you any of that whisker oil left yet?"—It is thought that David meant bay rum.

Father Benedict's class in religion has lately taken up Rev. F. X. Schouppe's "Abridged Course of Religious Instruction."

/ Under the presidency of Mr. J. Connelly, the smoking club is out-classing all other associations and societies now existing at the College.

At the last monthly meeting of the Marian Sodality, Father Alphonsus had a very instructive dogmatical discussion on the dignity of our Divine Mother.

Arnold to Muinch: "Are you in any race?"—Muinch: "Yes, in one."—Arnold: "Which one?"—Muinch: "The human race." Who said that Muinch is not a joker?

George: "On what are you going to write your next composition?—Nicholas: "On fool's-cap, of course."—George cannot understand on whose cap the composition is going to be.

Skinny upon returning from the city brought the awful news to his associates that coffins were for sale at the second hand store.

The Major informs us that the annual military day, which is usually observed some time during the month of May, will be postponed until the closing exercises of the present school year.

It is justly conjectured that nothing has ever created so much talk between Rensselaer and Collegeville as the telephone line connecting the two places.

The chemistry class is still experimenting with uninterrupted success.

Their present occupation is to extract sunbeams out of cucumbers; if this experiment prove successful (and this they consider beyond doubt) they will introduce pickles to serve as electric lights.

Photographer to J. Keilmann: "Well, what kind of picture would you prefer?" Joe (after some deep reflection:) O, I guess, I'll take my face and feet both."

Prof. "What part of speech is epitedeioi?—"Student: Epitedeioi? O, yes—why, of course—that's the -e-e future participle second person plural infinitive optative of epitedeiozomai."

The second Literature class having finished the study of "Julius Cæsar," has taken up "Macbeth" and already the "king that was to be" has given rise to some vigorous discussions.

The students beg to express their thanks to their Rev. Prefect for the interest taken by him in all the games and sports. The latest acquisition to the gymnasium is a full set of Indian clubs which, needless to say, are well made use of during "rec" hours.

Skinny thinks that the river Lethe has also enlarged her borders since the overflowing of other streams, and that a channel leading to it would easily be found in case his examination for the degree should prove unsuccessful.

Viewing some of his hairs through a microscope, our editor to his own surprise and greatest satisfaction came to the conclusion that he is the possessor of most "lovely flaxen curls." Nothing like optics.

By leaving it to the choice of each one to write a criticism on any of Pope's works, it appeared that most of the members of the class in English Literature preferred "The Rape of the Lock"

to any of Pope's other productions.

Prof. "In forming a Greek verb what parts must be distinguished?"—F. Dayton: "The trunk, its appendix on the left called the augmentation, the duplicate, the tense-character, the personal ending, and the -yes—the-e- missing link."

In Natural Philosophy under the heading Chromatics, you find this sentence: "On white paper, black ink is pleasanter to the eye than ink of any other color." This statement may easily be proved true, says Albert, by comparing your duty-books before and after correction.

Our astronomers are making rapid progress in their sublime science. Every evening between nine and ten o'clock some of them may be seen prominading, their eyes and thoughts directed toward the celestial spheres. Not to mention that the Major has already discovered moon, Gerard boasts of having espied even Venus.

The Columbians wish to express their thanks to Rev. A. Gietl for two antique papers recently added to their museum; a copy of the "Wahrheitsfreund" printed in 1850, and one of the "Ulster County Gazette," printed on the 4th of January 1800, and containing the dreary news of Washington's death.

On the tombstone of a celebrated dealer in spices were found three P's. They are generally interpreted thus: Pepper produced property, property produced pomp, pomp produced poverty, poverty produced piety.

Having nearly finished Ahn's Second Course, the second French class have tried their hand at composition. Their professor, Father Bonaventure, promised to procure for them "Traducteur," a bi-weekly paper excellently

adapted for the class-room, as it contains select dialogues, popular poems, short essays, and familiar stories for translation.

The students at St. Joseph's did not fail to obtain a half-holiday on the fourth of March in honor of the new President. There was much merriment during the day; whoever had not dared to give full vent to his feelings during the excited days of election failed not to make double amends for it on inauguration day.

Following are the words of a pessimistic poet:

Muse ubi terrarum can you be,
Terra marique l've sought thee;
Crudelis you to me have been,
Quod non one thought flows from my pen.

"Poeta nascitur, not fit,"
Quid of it, I pray, don't say "nit"
Quia you know I am a bird,
Et vox mea should not be heard.

"Avis."

Another discovery. Our musical geniuses must have arrived at the conclusion that three students playing the horn and two playing the cornet go to constitute a violin quartette. Witness the program lately rendered in the Rensselaer Opera House.

Since the turbulent attendants of tyrant Winter are gradually receding with their unhuman master, most of the students do not fail to employ the short recreation after breakfast in getting the benefit of the invigorating morning breeze and indulging in healthful recreations. The necessity and excellency of such calesthenic exercises are perceived and appreciated by all; and besides the neat prizes frequently held out to champions in every single branch as at the late contests on

St. Patrick's day, are no small stimulus to many.

Following are some of the Lenten resolutions entered on the "Codex Maximus" on Ash-Wednesday: Not to read any English author save Cooper, A. Schmidt; Not to smoke more than eight pipes and two cigars a day, J. Connelly; Not to write any poetry except on Sundays and holydays of obligation, S. Meyer; Not to stay in bed longer than fifteen minutes after the ringing of the bell, E. Vogel; Not to take it amiss if his name should by mistake be found in the local columns instead of appearing on the roll of honor, Z. Yæckle; Not to whisper in study-hall except in the absence of the prefect, G. Jeffrey; Not to enter one single race on St. Patrick's day, C. Mohr.

Though we have not seen many wonderful and strange things, never have we had the pleasure of witnessing a more realistic mimic storm than on the evening of the nineteenth, when not only did thunder peal and lightning flash, but mists more dense than London fogs overspread the entire auditorium. Let all stage managers beware, however, and venture not to provoke the ire of the gods by attempting to harness the elements, for sooner or later they must pay the penalty. He who tried and did this mighty deed at Collegeville has caused our venerable infirmarian to work several hours over time in restoring his features to their former prepossessing appearance. He is now on the road of recovery, and the Collegian representative expects publish in the next issue an interview telling "just how it happened."

Now that the halcyon days of Spring have come and Dame Nature has donned a new dress, things within the College

present a forlorn appearance, indeed. No longer is sitting room at a premium at the various reading rooms, while in the recreation hall hollow echoes mock the voice; nor need one dodge as in days of yore for fear of being hit by some stray missile. The campus now presents a scene similar to the "world of bugs and beetles dislodged from their comfortable quarters by the uprooting of a stump and running in every direction to seek shelter." Yet winds may blow and the sun may smile, but Curley and his disciples will not be tempted from their haunt, the smoking room: for instead of weakening they have displayed the determination to stick to their posts, rain or shine, by purchasing ten pounds of sweetest "Russian," with which they propose to "keep cool" during the hot season, while less fortunate mortals seek murky caves or pant beneath the scorching sun.

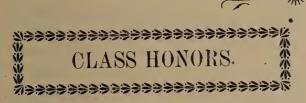
The ushering in of Spring weather has aroused the enthusiastic devotees of base ball from their lethargy and consequently the balls, bats, mitts, and masks have been taken from their resting nooks and placed in actual use. The rooters of the "Stars" and "Eagles," the old-time sturdy opponents, have grown impatient at the tardiness in the reorganization of their favorite teams and are perplexed at the delay. But be not alarmed. Their interest in the national game is not dead yet. There will be ample opportunities of giving vent to ebullitions of enthusiasm. The delay is owing to the promising prospects of organizing a representative team by uniting the two clubs, to contest with visiting teams. Decisive steps are to be taken immediately, and it is expected that by Easter the College shall possess a "nine" stronger than any in the previous history of its athletics.

SHELTERED.

In happy days of childhood when the wide,
Far stretching sea of life lay calm and still,
Or smoothly rippled by some youthful ill,
How often have we knelt at eventide.
Lisping some sorrow at our mother's side,
While she would clasp our hands and bid us pray
To Him, Our Father, who would hear alway
His childrens' grief and soothe them when they cried.

So now, when strong, fierce storms of sorrow beat,
Bringing us agony so hard to bear,
Though she who bore us slumbers 'neath the sod;
Our Mother Church with kindly touch and sweet
Maternal love still bids us cast our care
On Him, our loving Father and our God.
I. Z. '97.





The following students have merited honorable distinction by attaining the highest percentage in their respective classes at the February examinations.

NORMAL COURSE.

Grammar,—J. Bæke.

Geography,—J. Bæke.

Physiology,—J. Bæke.

Pedagogy,—H. Reichert, J. Steinbrunner.

U. S. History,—H. Reichert, J. Bæke. Civil Government,—J. Engesser, J. Bæke.

Music,—J. Steinbrunner.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Penmanship,- J. Reifers.

Book-Keeping and Commercial Law Class I.—R. Peele.

- " II.—E. Schneider.
- " III.—T. McLaughlin.
- " IV.—J. Engesser, C. Didier.

Music,—J. Reifers.

(For other classes see the following department.)

CLASSICAL COURSE.

Religion I.—Z. Yæckle, E. Schweitzer, C. Mohr, G. Aug, D. Neuschwanger, J. Steinburnner, H. Reichert, E. Byrne, J. Burke, E. Hefele.

Religion II.—S. Hartman.

" III.—E. Ley, C. Crusey, J.

Engesser.
Religion IV.—S. Kuhnmuench, J.
Connelly. G. Hartjens, C. Heimburger.

Latin I.—B. Wittemann.

" II.—S. Hartman, S. Kremer.

" III.—C. Mohr.

" IV.—P. Kanney, U. Frenzer.

" V.—T. Brackman, D. Brackman.

Latin VI.—F. Koch, J. Connelly. S. Kuhnmuench.

Greek I.—J. Burke, H. Seiferle.

- " II.—U. Frenzer.
- " III.—D. Brackman.
- " IV.—A. Weyman.

English Grammar I.—F. Bæke, S. Hartman.

English Grammar II.—D. Neuschwanger, T. Kremer.

English Rhetoric,—P. Kanney, T. Saurer, J. Engesser.

English Rhetoric and Literature,—T. Travers.

English Poetry and Literature,—F. Koch.

German I.—J. Burke.

" II.—T. Travers, M. Kæster.

" III.—F. Bæke, B. Staiert.

" IV.—D. Neuschwanger, Z. Yaeckle.

German V.—V. Schuette, P. Kanney. German Literature,—V. Krull.

French I.—G. Didier. V. Schuette.

French II.—T. Brackman, D. Brackman. French III.—S. Kuhnmuench, A. Weyman

Geography I.—H. Kalvelage, S. Hartman.

Geography II.—D. Neuschwanger, E. Schweitzer.

Penmanship,—H. Kalvelage.

Bible History I.—M. Peele.

" II.—S. Hartman, H. Hærstman.

Modern History,—T. Travers, D. Brackman.

Arithmetic I.—L. Panther.

" II.—E. Schneider, W. Arnold, P. Baker.

Arithmetic III.—C. Crusey, H. Reichert.

Arithmetic IV.—E. Byrne.

Algebra I.—T. Kremer.

Algebra II.—J. Burke, P. Kanney, J. Engesser, J. Bæke.

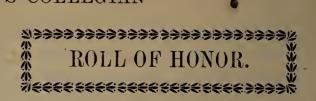
Geometry,—J. Burke, D. Brackman.

Trigonometry,—J. Connelly, F. Koch.

Chemistry,—G. Hartjens.

Natural Philosophy,—A. Riester, T. T. Brackman, D. Brackman.

Astronomy,—E. Vogel.



J. Connelly, T. Reitz, I. Zircher, V. Krull, T. Travers, Z. Yæckle, J. Burke, E. Hefele, C. Crusey, H. Lueke, E. Schneider, B. Staiert, H. Meighan, I. Rapp, J. Reifers, T. Brackman, W. Hordeman, H. Seiferle, F. Seroczynski, W. Laibe, E. Deininger, E. Byrne, G. Heimburger, A. Diller, H. Fehrenbach. E. Wills, S. Kuhnmuench, E. Ley, F. Ersing, B. Maloy, T. Kremer, Dwenger. J. Morris, B. Witteman, A. Riester, B. Holler, H. Reichert, P. Sailer, F. Kuenle, S. Hartman, F. Koch, S. Mayer, C. Rohrkemper, L. Linz, W. Sullivan, R. Stolz, J. Bæke, T. Saurer, J. Steinbrunner, P. Kanney, E. Kiely, P. Staiert, E. Mungovan, G. Aug, C. Faist, W. Arnold, V. Schuette, L. Eberle, E. Vogel, J. Engesser, F. Hærst.

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